THE DIRECTOR.

No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1807.

Caterarum rerum studia, doctrina, et præceptis, et arte constare: poetam natura ipsa valere.

CIC.

THE characters of the poet and painter have been often compared; and the analogy between their objects and their methods is so striking, as to have been generally felt and acknowledged. Visible images constitute the great charm of poetry, and they are the elements of painting: and the end of both arts is to represent the admirable in nature, and to awaken pleasurable, useful, or noble feelings. Painting, however, ap-

peals to the eye by immediate characters; it possesses a stronger chain of association with passion; it is a more distinct and energetic language, and acts first by awakening sensation, and then ideas. Poetry is less forcible; for it operates only by imagination and memory, and not by immediate impression; unless indeed in the performances of the drama, or in empassioned recitation. A representation by words is inferior in strength to representation by images; —but it has the advantage in being more varied, and capable of a more extensive application. It speaks of sentiments and thoughts and affections, which can never be delineated by the pencil; and it has within its power, not only the world of sensation, but likewise the world of intellect.

In music the powers of art are infinitely more limited, than in poetry or painting. The pleasure results from mere combinations of sounds; and is as tran-

sient as the motions of the air, by which they are produced. To communicate feeling is the highest attribute of the art. Its means are wholly inadequate to convey ideas: and the attempts at imitation have generally produced only a ludicrous effect. It has this advantage, however, over poetry and painting, that its influence is more immediate and instantaneous, and perceived without study or reflection; that it acts as if by enchantment, and appealing merely to sensation, yet subdues both imagination and memory; makes the soul obedient to its impulses, and creates for the time a world of its own.

The mechanical arts and the fine arts can hardly be compared; the objects of the first being utility, of the last, pleasure. The mechanical arts delight us only indirectly, and by distant associations; the fine arts either directly, or by immediate associations. The steam-engine may be an object of wonder, as connected with the power by which it

was produced, and the power which it exerts; but to understand its beneficial effects requires extensive knowledge, or a long detail of facts. Mechanism in general is too complicated to produce any general effect of pleasure. Inventions are admired by the multitude, more on account of their novelty or strangeness, than on account of their use or ingenuity. The watch which is the guide of our time, is employed and considered with indifference: but we pay half a crown, to see a self moving spider of steel.

In the truths of the natural sciences there is perhaps a nearer analogy to the productions of the refined arts. The contemplation of the laws of the universe is connected with an immediate tranquil exaltation of mind, and pure mental enjoyment. The perception of truth is almost as simple a feeling, as the perception of beauty: and the genius of Newton, of Shakspeare, of Michael Angelo, and of Handel, are not very remote in character from each other.

Imagination, as well as reason, is necessary to perfection, in the philosophical mind. A rapidity of combination, a power of perceiving analogies, and of comparing them by facts is the creative source of discovery. Discrimination and delicacy of sensation, so important in physical research, are other words for *taste;* and the love of nature is the same passion, as the love of the magnificent, the sublime, and the beautiful.

The pleasure derived from great philosophical discoveries is less popular, and more limited, in its immediate effect, than that derived from the refined arts; but it is more durable, and less connected with fashion or caprice. Canvass and wood, and even stone, will decay. The work of a great artist loses all its spirit in the copy. Words are mutable and fleeting; and the genius of poetry is often dissipated in translation. The compositions of music may remain; but the hand of execution may be wanting. Nature cannot decay: the language of her

interpreters will be the same in all times. It will be an universal tongue; speaking to all countries, and all ages, the excellence of the work, and the wisdom of the Creator.

A.

THE following remarks on the Utility of Remains of Antiquity are transmitted by a friend, to whom the Director has already with pleasure acknowledged his obligation for other communications.

Mr. Director,

THERE exists an idea, with some persons, that remains of antiquity are only valued, because they are old, and consequently scarce; and that therefore, the more, by being cracked or mutilated, corroded with rust, or covered with dirt, reduced to a shapeless mass, or mouldered away to an insignificant fragment, they bear the external marks of age and decay, the more they rise in the estimation of their admirers.

TILL very lately, I must confess, I

imagined this ridiculous idea to have been entirely confined to the vulgar and the illiterate, to those who never had had any opportunity of seeing the finest collections of antient works of art, or even of hearing or reading the encomiums, bestowed on these collections by men of understanding and of science; and, accordingly, only thought the stale jokes and insipid jests, which such uninformed persons would occasionally indulge themselves in what they are pleassed to call collections of old pots and pans, deserving of silent contempt.

But, to my inexpressible astonishment, I have lately found some men, even among those who enjoy a certain reputation in letters, so profoundly ignorant with regard to the fine arts, as to entertain the same strange prejudice with the vulgar; and to feel no hesitation at ushering it into print, for the edification of the public, enlivened by the same set of elegant and novel jests, and moreover accompanied by a sly insinu-

ation that Government, last year, did but a silly thing in purchasing, at the expense of some thousand pounds, for the improvement of the artists, and thus for the benefit of the whole nation, the assemblage of antient marbles and terra-cottas, formed by the late Mr. Townley: and though such opinions, when broached by men that might and ought to be better informed, deserve a still greater degree of contempt, than when only conceived by those that enjoy the full privilege of ignorance, yet should they no longer, when they thus disgrace even the publications of the former, be passed over in total silence; least this silence be construed into assent, and their authority give weight to the error.

I THEREFORE beg to state, for the information of gentlemen thus uninformed concerning the fine arts, the following facts, which I find I was wrong in thinking sufficiently notorious to all men of ordinary education.

The Medici of Florence, and the other sovereigns of Italy, who, when Europe began to emerge from the long and dreary night of ignorance and gothicism, first busied themselves with restoring to light numberless remains of Grecian art, and who placed these precious relics of former ages in magnificent repositories, did so, in the first place, because many of these productions, far surpassing in excellence of workmanship the finest specimens which could be produced by the artists of their own day, at once offered a greater means of embellishment to their palaces, and a worthier object of study and imitation to their subjects. Secondly, because many others, without being equally excellent in point of art, yet, by retracing a variety of antient events, rites, customs, arms, utensils, insignia, historic and mythologic facts, &c. were equally interesting in the eyes of literature and of science. Thirdly, because many others again, however impaired by the sharp tooth of time, yet left the trace of their once beautiful

shape and ornaments still sufficiently discernible, to become most fit models for the improvement of every species of modern manufacture, as well as art; from the chasing of the finest gold and silver plate, to the moulding of the coarsest earthen-ware and pottery. And fourthly and lastly, because even those few remnants (and few they were) that had nothing to recommend them, either to the antiquarian, the artist, or the manufacturer, to the lover of science, or to the wooer of the Muses, yet, on account of the soil in which they arose, and of the nation by which they were wrought, were enabled to occasion associations of the most delightful ideas, to every feeling and cultivated mind.

So far, however, from the relics, that formed the first musæa, or repositories of the Muses, (as they were most appropriately denominated) being reckoned more valuable, in proportion as they were more broken and more disfigured, more rusty and more weather-stained,

any one who is not wholly ignorant in matters of art, knows well that every antique statue, bronze, gem, coin or vase, is more esteemed in proportion as, to its other intellectual and visible merits, it adds the recommendation of being more entire, better preserved, and retaining in a greater degree the very polish of the ancient tool, or the very lustre of the ancient varnish.

It is those repositories of ancient art, first established by sovereigns, afterwards imitated by private individuals, that have been the most effectual nurseries of that modern art, which, in general, its worst judges are those that affect most to extol above the former. It is those collections that inspired and that guided in the path of beauty a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and all the most celebrated artists of Italy and other countries, who, uniformly, were the foremost to acknowledge the source, whence they derive their excellence; and to this hour the most eminent among the artists of our

own island, a Flaxman, a Nollekins, a Westmacott, and others ; nay, the most elegant among British manufacturers, a Wedgwood and a Rundle, will own that, to the study and imitation of the chef-d'œuvres of the ancients, they owe the superiority which they already have attained ; and that only, in proportion as the collections of such works are more resorted to and more studied, their productions can still be expected to improve in taste and in beauty.

With a view to facilitate this necessary study, to our artists and manufacturers of every description, Parliament last year voted the purchase of Mr. Townley's statues and bas-reliefs: and hitherto sovereigns have considered the acquisition of such collections, for such a purpose, as among their highest titles to the gratitude of their own subjects, and to the applause of foreigners. They have been celebrated for their judgment, as well as their liberality, by men of taste and learning, in all ages and countries.

It was reserved for England to find among its natives, nay, among its literati, men, either so unenlightened as not to feel the policy and the wisdom of such a measure, or so unpatriotic, as, feeling these, still to condemn it, merely because their vanity is of so morbid a description, as to view with impatience and ill humour every object of public attention, in which they themselves are not enabled to bear a direct share.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

A. Z.

The Binder is requested to substitute this leaf for pages 203 and 206.

To the Editor of the Director.

Sir,

In your amusing weekly journal, I perceive that you have occasionally stepped aside from the severity of literary and scientific pursuits, and have indulged your readers by the perusal of facetious and witty productions. Your 'Art of good Living', 'Remarks on the Drama,' 'Modern Beaus and Belles,' and 'A Walk in London,' are all written with much urbanity, and in a proper strain of satire. I sincerely hope the world may be benefited by such publications.

The *literature* of the *present day* has not yet formed a subject of discussion with you, or your correspondents: whether it be considered unworthy, or unfit for the particular purposes, of your Journal, I will not take upon me to pronounce; in the present instance, all the indulgence I claim is to call your attention to some of the literature of former times.

WHATEVER be the defects of modern genius, or of the present general public spirit, there are certainly none in regard to the paying of a proper deference and respect to the works of past ages. I have nothing to do with Homer and the Greeks, nor with Virgil and the Romans; it were a waste of words and of time to devote *one period* to their praises. Of our own countrymen, the same may be said in regard to Chaucer, Milton, and Dryden—All these have received, and continue to receive, our unbounded admiration:

> Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.
> Nations unborn their mighty names shall sound,
> And worlds applaud that must not yet be found.

BUT, Sir, our gratitude to our *ancestors* is still more widely extending itself. We have reprinted BURTON'S *Melancholy*, FROISSART'S and JOINVILLE'S *Chronicles*, JEREMY TAYLOR'S *Holy Living and Dying*, and are now meditating a new edition of HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLES. These literary undertakings reflect great honour

upon those by whom they are conducted: may such a spirit of enterprize never be extinguished in this country! for it keeps alive a love of every thing that is connected with civilization and virtue!

Of authors, who have long gone down to their graves, I know few who have more powerfully affected me than Francis Quarles. He wrote in poetry and in prose, and upon a great variety of miscellaneous subjects. Pursuing, therefore, the train of thinking which at first induced me to submit to you my reflections '*On neglected English Literature*', I flatter myself the present trifling notice of the '*Meditations*' of Quarles, will not be unacceptable to the generality of your readers, and as it treats of rather a scarce little book, it may be considered as having some affinity to your '*Bibliographiana.*' I do this with the greater cheerfulness, because there is a new edition of the work *in the press.*

Leaving the enumeration of *all* Quarles's

works to the editor of his Meditations, and without troubling myself with the author's *life* and *labours* (which are both to be noticed in this new edition) I shall take Horace's advice, and rush directly into my subject.

THE 'MEDITATIONS' of Francis Quarles were first, I believe, published at London, in a small octavo volume, in 1646, under the title of 'JUDGEMENT and MERCY FOR AFFLICTED SOULS, or, '*Meditations, Soliloquies and Prayers:*'—there was a second part, with the same title, published at Cambridge the same year, which is usually bound with the first.

THE plan of the work is briefly this: The author makes a variety of immoral characters indulging themselves in studied commendations, (under the most plausible modes of reasoning) of their particular vicious habits. Thus the drunkard, liar, profligate, &c. each praises his own immoral pursuit—but immediately afterwards there occur to them certain prohibitory texts of scripture; this produces re-

morse—which is followed by a *Soliloquy* on the heinousness of their crimes, and by a *Prayer* to Heaven that they may be blotted out and forgiven.

In the *second part* the same plan is observed, except that the first Meditation is not in a boasting and commendatory style, but in a tone of melancholy and despair. The soliloquy, in each, equally reproves, and the prayer equally affords consolation.

I subjoin two specimens of the first part; reserving those of the *second*, for your next number; by which the reader may have an opportunity of witnessing a fertility of fancy, and a cogency of expression, that have rarely been eclipsed, even by the genius of Jeremy Taylor! There is something about the periods of Quarles quite original: He abounds in compound epithets, but they are, in general, well chosen, and produce a strong effect. Browne, the author of 'Vulgar Errors,' seems to have studied him atten-

tively, and I suspect that the pious and learned Jeremy Taylor formed his style in some measure on that of Quarles. Our author sometimes displays a copiousness, a richness, and energy, which are perfectly enchanting—but I am only tantalising the reader, by keeping back the promised specimens in support of my remarks—Let me, however, premise, that I make Quarles's *orthography* subservient to our own, but strictly adhere to the words of his composition.

THE DRUNKARD'S JUBILEE.

"What complement will the severer world allow to the vacant hours of frolic-hearted youth? How shall their free, their jovial spirits, entertain their time, their friends? What oil shall be infused into the lamp of dear society, if they deny the privilege of a civil, rejoicing cup? It is the life, the radical humour of united souls, whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof, new married friendship falls

into divorce, and joined acquaintance soon resolves into the first elements of strangeness. What mean these strict reformers, thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawl against our harmless cups; to call our meetings riots, and brand our civil mirth with styles of loose intemperance? whilst they can sit at a sister's feast, devour and gormandize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and clothe their surfeits in the long fustian robes of a tedious grace! Is it not much better in a fair friendly round (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping cup, than hazard our estates upon the abuse of Providence in a foolish cast at *dice?* Or at a *cockpit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? Or spend our wanton days in sacrificing costly presents to a *fleshly idol?* Was not wine given to exhilarate the drooping hearts, and raise the drowsy spirits of dejected souls? Is not the liberal cup the sucking bottle of the sons of Phœbus, to solace and refresh

their palates in the nights of sad invention? Let dry-brained zealots spend their idle breaths, *my* cups shall be my *cordials*, to restore my care-befeebled heart to the true temper of a well-complexioned mirth: my solid brains are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered senses, or interruption of my boon companions: my tongue can, in the very zenith of my cups, deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts, with better sense, than these my grave reformers can their best advised prayers. My constitution is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendous vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of Bacchus. My reason shrinks not; my passion burns not.

"O, BUT my Soul, I hear a threatening voice, that interrupts my language:

Woe be to them that are mighty to drink wine. Isa. v. 22.

Prov. xx. 1.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging,

and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise.

Isa. v. 11.

Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink; that continue till night, until wine inflame them.

Prov. xxiii. 20.

Be not amongst wine bibbers.

1 Cor. v. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company, if any that is called a brother, be a drunkard, with such a one, no not to eat.

His Soliloquy.

"My soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment: there is no kicking against pricks, or arguing against divine truth. Pleadest thou custom? custom in sin multiplies it: pleadest thou society? society in the offence, aggravates the punishment: pleadest thou help to invention? woe be to that barrenness, that wants such showers: pleadest thou strength to bear much wine? 'Woe be to

them that are mighty, to drink strong drink. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that creature he made to serve thee: thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the Creator's dishonour: thou hast sinned against thyself, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turned into a curse! How many thirst, whilst thou surfeitest! What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thyself, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thyself, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true repentance; the way to all which, is prayer and thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

"How truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sin! How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level.

Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth; I was no sooner born, but I was a slave to sin, and all my life is nothing but the practice and the trade of high rebellion; I have turned thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness; yet hast thou been my God, even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mother's breast: thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but, like a swine, I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glanced into my breast the blessed motions of thy Holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring tides of my born corruption. Be merciful, O God, unto me; have mercy on me, O thou Son of David: I cannot, O Lord, expect the children's bread, yet suffer me to lick the crumbs that fall beneath their table; I, that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me, according to the goodness of thy mercy, and not according to the great-

ness of my offences: Give me, O God, a sober heart, and a lawful moderation in the enjoyment of thy creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse: in all my dejections, be thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilness of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time: wean me from the pleasure of vain society, and let my companions be such as fear thee: forgive all such as have been partners in my sin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that lust which my intemperance has inflamed, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy Good Spirit; make me thankful for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER'S PROFANATION.

THE glittering prince, that sits upon

his regal, and imperial throne, and the ignoble peasant, that sleeps within his sordid house of thatch, are both alike to God: an ivory temple, and a church of clay, are prized alike by him: the flesh of bulls, and the perfumes of myrrh and cassia smoke his altars with an equal pleasure; and does he make such difference of days? Is he that was so weary of the new moons, so taken with the sun, to tie his Sabbath to that only day? The tenth in tithes, is any one in ten; and why the seventh day not any one in seven? We sanctify the day, the day not us. But are we Jews? Are we still bound to keep a legal Sabbath, in the strictness of the letter? Have the Gentiles no privilege, by virtue of Messiah's coming, or has the Evangelical Sabbath no immunities? The service done, the day's discharged, my liberty restored; and if I meet my profits, or my pleasures then, I will give them entertainment. If business call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear. Or, if my sports invite me, I will entertain them with a cheerful

heart: I will go to matins with as much devotion as my neighbour; I will make as low obeisance, and as just responds, as any; but soon as the evensong's ended, my Church-devotion and my Psalter shall sanctify my pew till the next Sabbath call. Were it no more for an old custom sake, than for the good I find in Sabbaths, that ceremony might as well be spared. It is a day of rest; and what's a rest? a relaxation from the toil of labour. And what is labour, but a painful exercise of the frail body? But when the exercise admits no toil, their relaxation makes no rest. What labour is it for the worldly man to compass sea and land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient lover to measure Hellespont with his widened arms to hasten his delight? What labour for the youth to number music with their sprightly paces? Where pleasure is reconciled to labour, labour is but an active rest: why should the Sabbath, then, a day of rest, divorce thee from those delights that make thy rest? Afflict their souls that

please, my rest shall be what most conduces to my heart's delight. Two hours will vent more prayers than I shall need, the rest remains for pleasure.

"Conscience, why startest thou? A judgment strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off. Exod. xxxi. 14.

Exod. xx.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day; six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. xxxi. 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. xxxi. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your generations.

Luke xxiii. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath day, according to the Commandment.

His Soliloquy.

"My soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified! How hast thou encroached on that which Heaven hath set apart! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath twelve hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath? Is six days too little for thyself, and two hours too much for thy God? O, my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternals! Is it equal, that God, who gave thee a body, and six days to provide for it, should demand one day of thee, and be denied it? How liberal a receiver art thou, and how miserable a requiter! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the apple of his eye: he that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatened judgments to the breaker of it. The God of mercy, that hath mitigated the rigour of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness' sake: forget not, then, my soul, to remember his Sabbaths, and

remember not to forget his judgments, lest he forget to remember thee in mercy. What thou hast neglected, bewail with contrition; and what thou hast repented, forsake with resolution; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with devotion.

His Prayer.

"O ETERNAL, just, and all-discerning Judge; in thyself, glorious; in thy Son, gracious; who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a jury. O! I confess my very actions have betrayed me; thy word hath brought in evidence against me; my own conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgment hath passed sentence against me. And what have I now to plead but my own misery, and whither should that misery flee, but to the God of mercy? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave myself, I here disclaim all interest in myself, and utterly renounce myself. I, that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy name; I, that was made for thy service, have profaned thy Sabbaths; I have

slighted thy ordinances, and turned my back upon thy sanctuary; I have neglected thy sacraments, abused thy word, despised thy ministers, and despised their ministry; I have come into thy courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawn near with uncircumcised lips: and, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy rest. The glory of thy name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the apple of thine eye: but thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thyself the Lord of mercy. The constitution of thy Sabbath was a work of time; but, Lord, thy mercy is from all eternity: I, that have broke thy Sabbaths, do here present thee with a broken heart; thy hand is not shortened, that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafened that thou canst not hear: stretch forth thy hand, O God, and heal my wounds. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my prayers; alter the fabric of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory; make me ambitious of thy

service, and let thy Sabbaths be my whole delight; give me a holy reverence of thy word, that it may prove a light to my steps, and a lantern to my feet. Endue my heart with charity and faith, that I may find a comfort in thy sacraments. Bless thou the ministers of thy sacred word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their doctrine, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal church in these distracted times; give her peace, unity, and uniformity; purge her of all schism, error, and superstition; let the king's daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty, that being honoured here, to be a member of her militant, I may be glorified with her triumphant."

(To be continued.)

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